

to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his 513
 semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is
 hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwá an hour
 ago isn't Vomblé or just the shadow of the house post now.

Kaingáng camp sites are any shape at all. Level ground is rare and what 361
 there is is so irregular that the Indians have to distribute themselves about 562
 it in the most economical way possible. But they will never sleep on any
 kind of slope, and if a particular patch of level ground is just a little too
 small for a family they may build it up by throwing some dirt on a founda-
 tion of leaves. When a woman sits down, lays her firebrand on the ground,
 piles wood on it, and begins to nurse her baby, it is pretty certain that camp
 will be made right there. No woman sits down without deliberation, for
 where she sits she stays, and where she stays she and her husband will
 sleep. Nothing can dislodge her, and no one will dare to suggest that she
 move over. It is a matter of complete indifference to her that the spot she
 has picked out may be such that a large family will have to break up in
 order to conform to her choice.

After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot 364
 on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back
 for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until
 it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walk-
 ing half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the
 camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run,
 fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and
 dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up
 around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones,
 palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and
 eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a
 repellent odor.

The Kaingáng are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie 512
 huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a
 row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from
 their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to
 himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By
 dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the
 stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily
 nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them
 warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their
 legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A
 furnished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls
 at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men cir-
 culate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating.

864 from adults it is hard to see why they should bother with one another.¹
 836 They are at the beck and call of anyone who wants a warm little body to
 caress. As Monyá, age two, wobbles by on fat uncertain legs Kanyahé calls
 to him. He slowly overcomes the momentum of his walk, turns about,
 864 smiles and wobbles obediently over to Kanyahé. Children lie like cats
 836 absorbing the delicious stroking of adults. The little children receive an
 513 enormous amount of adult attention and one never sees them caress one
 619 another or lie down together. It is impossible to keep track of children
 around the campfire. By choice and from necessity they literally sleep all
 over the place. They like to cuddle next to an uncle, aunt or step-mother.
 In the winter when there may be only one blanket to shelter a family, the
 little ones are driven to crawling under the cover of someone else who wel-
 comes the additional warmth of the little bundle. This wandering around
 often culminates in the sexual experience to which the grown-ups are eager
 to introduce the child, and he is generally enjoyed first by a person much
 older than he. Some married men have nicknames that bear a humorous
 reference to their experience in trying to deflower young girls. Yakwá was
 called, "You pierced your mother" because he had deflowered a young girl
 who had the same name as his mother. Kovi received a nickname because
 his first cousin clawed his penis when he tried to deflower her. The grow-
 ing child's sexual experience is primarily humorous, often illicit, admin-
 istered by adults, and apt to be violent in the case of girls.

513 When the children grow up to be young men and women a strange
 562 dichotomy of behavior is noticeable, which is all the more striking because
 208 the Kaingáng lay no emphasis on such differences. Kaingáng young men
 571 love to sleep together. At night they call to one another, "Come and lie
 619 down here with me, with me!" Then there is a shifting and squirming so
 that Nggugn or Waipó or Kanyahé can lie down where he is bidden. In
 camp one sees young men caressing. Married and unmarried young men
 lie cheek by jowl, arms around one another, legs slung across bodies, for all
 the world like lovers in our own society. Sometimes they lie caressing that
 838 way in little knots of three or four. Women never do these things. I have
 571 never seen any signs of complete homosexual relations among the men or
 517 women. I have sat night after night talking to knots of young men, and I
 have seen them caressing one another in an absolutely open fashion in the
 broad light of day. But I never saw them make an overt sexual gesture. In
 other cultures and even in our own one may see young men continually

¹ This whole situation contrasts strikingly with what I observed among the Pilagá Indians (MSS in preparation). There the children receive slight attention from the adults. Sexual inter-
 course begins at about 5 years and most of the sexual play of the children is perfectly open.
 Everyone talks and jokes about the sexual affairs of the children.

SEXUAL RELATIONS AND MARRIAGE

reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality.

The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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562 either a masculine or a feminine object. The vulgar English terms can take
822 only feminine objects, and thus reveal in the very grammatical form of our
vulgarisms the feeling that the male is the active and aggressive partner.
But among the Kaingáng if Chukembégn picks up his hundred and fifty
pound wife by the ears and thumps her down with tears of pain starting
from her eyes, she may get up immediately and pound him as the tears
trickle down her laughing face, and he roars with delight. Sexual ap-
proaches range all the way from the unobtrusive contact of bare legs beside
the evening fires to open, ribald, and aggressive onslaughts by both men
and women.

[149] Although I never put it to the test, I have a strong feeling that the
widowed Kundídn, like many of her sex, was stronger than I. Her amorous
pinches, punches, and pushes were a trial to me. Kundídn's aggressiveness
stopped only at direct snatches at the sexual organs.

Anggló, who was having a passionate affair with Kanyahé, was not
averse to pressing another suit on the side. While she did not square off in
the boxerlike manner of Kundídn, she was aggressive enough in her own
mild way. She did not pinch so hard nor call so loud, but if there were no
one around, her quiet "I should like to talk to you and see the inside of
your house" would set me thinking how I could best avoid her without
hurting her feelings. But I might have spared myself worry on that score,
for in this society, which lays no stress on man's aggressiveness as against
woman's passivity, a woman who makes advances feels no vindictive anger
at a repulse. In our society a woman who temporarily steps out of her cul-
turally decreed role of the attacked to become the attacker feels shame that
quickly becomes resentment against the desired object if she is rebuffed.
The shame that she feels at reversing her part in the drama of the sexes is
forgotten if she obtains her desire and turns to anger if she does not. But
the Kaingáng women are able to make the same jocular approaches day
after day without a change of attitude.

837 When a husband goes away his wife becomes fair game for anyone who
is interested, and she is generally willing prey for the enterprising hunter.
I must often have served all unwittingly as a chaperon to some man's wife
while he was away hunting, but although my naive presence may have
seriously handicaped the pair I was left to chaperon, it did not always
inhibit them entirely. One day while Chukembégn, his wife Chantágn,
[262] Kangguín, and I were on a hillside feasting on wasp's larvae, the bark of
the dogs in pursuit of a tapir came faintly from the distance. Chukembégn
seized his gun and was away in a flash, leaving his wife, Kangguín, and
me alone. When he had gone Kangguín began to boast of his love affairs
and to remark how curious it was that he never married. On the way back
to camp he kept singing all the way, stopping every once in a while to say:

628 "they found out" is his remark, "He [Koví] killed Nduichá and they had not avenged him; so they killed Koví!" They wanted to avenge Nduichá, and "they found out" that Koví wanted to kill them. Thus where murder is planned, murder is suspected, and whoever wants to kill his neighbor fears that his neighbor wants to kill him too. When Yakwá says to me, "My cousin wants to kill me," I know that he wants to kill his cousin, who slaughtered his pigs for rooting up his corn; and when he says, "Eduardo [the Agent] is angry with me," I realize that he is angry with the Agent for not having given him a shirt. Yakwá's state of mind is a pale reflection of the Kaingáng habit of projecting their own hate and fear into the minds of those whom they themselves hate and fear. Yet one cannot always be sure that it is just a projection, for in these feuds currents of danger may radiate from any number of points of conflict, and there is often good and sufficient cause for any fear. If Kumbló and Koví feared each other there were grounds for it in Kumbló's association with the dead and wounded men.

With Koví dead, Patklé was in a position analogous to Kumbló's: he had married Kumbló's sister, and one of his own sisters had married Koví. Besides this, Patklé himself had been wounded. When he met Koví's murderers again he was in a quandary, for although they had killed his brother-in-law they were also his brothers-in-law. But if Patklé was confused, Koví's brother Wainló saw his duty clearly; and he said to Patklé: "Call Kuvén and live with him. I am going away. A long time from now I shall return and kill him."

Now Kuvén had intrigued with Patklé's wife, but Patklé had never tried to put a stop to it. Better to have him intriguing with his wife than wandering around in the forest unwatched. So when Kuvén went away one day Patklé sent his wife after him, saying: "Follow your *mbáda* and then come back to me. He wants to kill me, and probably that is why he is going away." So she went after Kuvén and brought him back.

628 This is the darker picture of woman's role in Kaingáng culture, for if she 562 is the nucleus of compact cells of economic security she is also bait for the murderer's trap. The role of the women in the feuds is generally passive. They follow their men wherever they go unless they are captured, and even then they sometimes manage to escape; only rarely do they use their better judgment to prevent murder, or intervene to save their mother's lover. Actively and aggressively sexual though they are and holding, by virtue of this, really a key position in Kaingáng life, they seem nevertheless to have been generally content not to take anything like a vital part in the determination of action. Perhaps these women feared lest were they to intervene to halt a murder, their husbands should turn against them, knowing all too well that the men they sought to protect were their partners in adultery.

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the
273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the
852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the perforation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrókozódma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

● [563] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngréda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or parrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embíra fiber.